

~~Stephen Spender Letter~~
~~Reconstruction with a Comment~~

good a total an overdose, total, ~~but~~ ~~the~~ ~~total~~
The ~~total~~ poem has ~~an~~ impact on me, or not, and that
~~xxxxx~~ ^{ideally,}
has always ~~been~~ my criterion for choosing a poem for PL's
~~as the Indians do~~ ^{as the Americans do}
pages for its rasa ~~or~~ (literally taste in the mouth) ~~of a poem~~
~~as the Indians do, who then it be poetry, dance or passages of music~~
~~a song or a passage of music. And it is thus I immediately~~
absorbed and still remember the ~~an~~ English translation of
an Arabic poem ^{that} the painter, Dr John Wells of the Isles of
~~Scilly~~ ^{once} recited to me ^{just once} ~~just once~~.

Last night the bird of sleep came to rest in me eye.
It saw my lashes and flew away as if frightened by

The 'bird' metaphor which D.J. Enright so strongly objects to
in ~~Stephen Spender~~ ^{Stephen Spender} ~~Country London~~ (see APPENDIX) along
~~with the 'nets' simile~~ made instant contact and made it memorable
~~xxxxxx the author is xxxxxxxx in xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~
~~xxxxx~~ The oral tradition of ^{the literature} ~~literature~~ of India and other
countries are now too well known for me to dwell on them
and it is my proposition that it is rasa that enables
peoples to remember whole epics ^{or} ~~and~~ philosophical ~~xxxxxxx~~
^{and} ~~or~~ scientific treatises ^{written in poetry} by heart and recite them for the
enjoyment of crowds of villagers or an assembly of scholars.
~~xx and~~ ^{on} It is not uncommon for a recluse in the jungles of
India ^{a hitherto unknown} to emerge into ~~xx~~ 'civilization' and recite ~~x~~ ten or
fifteen centuries old scientific treatise or Upanishad ~~in~~
^{in poetry, from memory,} ~~poetry~~ to the astonishment of scholars and I maintain that
it is ~~xxxxx~~ ^{the rasa which} ~~xxxxxxx~~ that has almost disappeared in the
English ~~xxxxxxx~~ waste land of English poesis today,
through the come-uppance of good journalists, ^{literary} ~~and~~ grafters
and propagandists, but essentially non-poets, who ~~xx~~ do not
know the difference between good expository prose and the
vividness of a poetic word which in a ~~xxxxxxx~~ holophrastic
(wholephrasing) ~~xxxxxxx~~ - holos = whole) 'process' telescope
^{as I have said previously,}
the apprehension of all the senses ~~into~~, ideally, ~~a~~ single
word or a metaphor that makes a poem, a haiku, ~~xxxxxxx~~ the
~~or the Empsonian~~

x^2x

I see a girl dragged by the wrists
Across a dazzling field of snow,
And there is nothing in me that resists.
Once I should choke with powerless jealousies;
And now I ~~am~~ seem devoid of subtlety,
As simple as the things I see,
Being no more, no less, than two weak eyes.

I quote from Eight Oxford Poets published by the Fortune Press who I supplied with new collections of poems to publish including 18 poems by Dylan Thomas, my own Out of this War quite reluctantly, and Drummond Allison who appears in this anthology, until I discovered the nature of his publishing house from Griselda Gould (Mrs Louis Kentner) who had submitted her poems on my recommendation. Of the 25 poets in this anthology many were my friends and the poets with a more assured style like John Heath-Stuubs and David Wright had already appeared in PL. Allison engulfed in the War wanted immediate book publication which I was not able to afford in 1940.

two uncles Sir Gariner Chittampalam and S. Ratnanather in
 discussion with John Roberts, Managing Director of Nicholson
 - with John, also the acquisition of my former parent company
 Watson, /to buy him off our partnership of one year and some
 months) since ^{he had a family to support} ~~xxx~~ could no longer afford to lose money: I sold
 him my 49% ~~xxxxxx~~ of the shares for £25) ^{it} I had published near
 all those poets still alive who were of contemporary interest
^{despite} ~~xxxxxx~~ /their political and literary feuding) ^{if} and the
 short time I had, and my own particular myopia and taste/
 despite my avowals of catholicity. (Wow , Kathy, that's a
 long sentence - simplify)

Second Letter

Deconstruction with a Comma

striking or memorable as the writer of the haiku would say, special or
The ~~good~~ poem has an ~~onetime~~ total impact on me, or not
and that was always, ideally, my criterion for choosing a
poem for PL'S pages for its rasa (literally, taste in the
mouth) as the Indians do, whether it be poetry, ^{lieder, ballad, poetry of rock, or even poetry} ~~dancer or~~ ^{or musician} ~~sonnet or~~
~~passages of music~~. I immediately adored and still remember the
English translation of an Arabic poem that the painter Dr. John
Wells of the Isles of ^{Scilly} ~~Seville~~ recited to me ^{only} ~~just~~ once:

Last night the bird of sleep came to nest in my eye,
It saw my lashes and flew away as if frightened by
nets.

The 'bird' metaphor which D.J. Enright so strongly objects to,
in Stephen Spender (see ^{APPENDIX} appendix) along with the 'nets' simile
made instant contact ^{with me} and made it memorable. The oral tradition
of the literature of India and other countries are now too well
known for me to dwell on them and it is my proposition that it
is rasa that enables ^{Indians not} ~~people~~ to remember ^{whole} ~~where~~ epics or philo-
sophical or scientific treatises written in poetry by heart ^{for recitation} ~~and~~
~~to recite them for the enjoyment of crowds of villagers or an~~
~~assembly of scholars.~~

It is not uncommon for a recluse in the jungles of India to emerge
into 'civilization' and recite a hitherto unknown ^{many} ~~25~~ centuries old
scientific treatise or Upanishad in poetry, from memory, to the
astonishment of scholars and I maintain that it is ~~the~~ rasa which
was almost disappeared in the wasteland of 'English poetry today'
through the come-uppance of ^{literary} ~~good~~ journalists, literary grafters and
^{literary mounteers} ~~propagandists~~, but, essentially non-poets, who do not ^{allow to} know the differ-
ence between good expository prose and the vividness of a poetic
word which in a holophrastic (wholephrasing)-holos= whole) 'process'
telescopes the apprehension of all the ^{Senses} ~~centuries~~ into, as I have said
previously, ideally, a single word or metaphor. ^{like Kwatz (see p. 1)} In our Western world
this perhaps a difficult idea to grasp. In the East from Sri Lanka
to Tibet, Manchuria and Japan the word OM is a one word poem. The
haiku, the Indian and Arabian ghazal are only extensions of the
holophrastic one word poem. The sonnet and the ~~villanella~~ ^{Empsonian} villanelle
so dear to many poets of the so-called 'Movement' (the
poets themselves are entirely unaware of it) which ^{has} ~~has~~ Italian and

striking or memorable as the writing of the haiku ^{as a whole} 5 p. 10
The good poem has an overall total impact on me, or not
and that was always, ideally, my criterion for choosing a
poem for PL'S pages for its rasa (literally, taste in the
mouth) as the Indians do, whether it be poetry, ^{lyric, ballad, poem, & novel, concrete poetry} ☐,
^{or musicians} passages of music. I immediately adored and still remember the
English translation of an Arabic poem that the painter Dr. John
Wells of the Isles of ^{Scilly} ~~Seville~~ recited to me ^{only} ~~just~~ once:

Last night the bird of sleep came to nest in my eye,
It saw my lashes and flew away as if frightened by
nets.

The 'bird' metaphor which D.J. Enright so strongly objects to,
in Stephen Spender (see ^{APPENDIX} ~~appendix~~) along with the 'nets' ^{meaning of the last line} simile
made instant contact ^{with me} and made it memorable. The oral tradition
of the literature of India and other countries are now too well
known for me to dwell on them and it is my proposition that it
is rasa that ^{Indian rhapsodes} enables ~~people~~ to remember ~~where~~ ^{for recitation} epics or philo-
sophical or scientific treatises written in poetry by heart ~~and~~
~~to recite them for the enjoyment of crowds of villagers or an~~
~~assembly of scholars.~~

It is not uncommon for a recluse in the jungles of India to emerge
into 'civilization' and recite a hitherto unknown ^{many} ~~as~~ centuries old
scientific treatise or Upanishad in poetry, from memory, to the
astonishment of scholars and I maintain that it is the rasa which
has almost disappeared in the wasteland of ^{literary} English poetry today,
through the come-uppance of ^{literary movement} ~~good~~ journalists, literary grafters and
~~propagandists~~, but, essentially non-poets, who do not ^{allow to} know the differ-
ence between good expository prose and the vividness of a poetic
word which in a holophrastic (wholephrasing)-holos= whole) 'process'
telescopes the apprehension of all the ^{centuries} ~~centuries~~ into, as I have said
previously, ideally, a single word or metaphor. ^{like Kwatz, see p. 2} In our Western world
this ^{perhaps} a difficult idea to grasp. In the East from Sri Lanka
to Tibet, Manchuria and Japan the word OM is a one word poem. The
haiku, the Indian and Arabian ghazal are only extensions of the
holophrastic one word poem. The sonnet ~~and~~ the ~~villanelle~~ ^{Empsonian}
villanelle so dear to many poets of the so-called 'Movement' (the
poets themselves are entirely unaware of it) which ^{has} ~~has~~ Italian and
French origins which the editor of the ^{NEW} ~~NEW~~ Lines anthologies was not
~~ignorant~~ seems to have been unaware of when he opposed the eruption
of Continentals, ~~and~~ ~~the~~ Americanism, Eliot, Pound, Dylan Thomas, and
the corruption of the 'pure' English tongue by 'immigration', 'exper-

imentalist contrivers', '~~Pamby Pamby~~' and (comparing poetry readers to music lovers, quoting Aldus Huxley in Texts and Pretexts, 'the sort of people who bowels yearn at the disgusting caterwatling of Tziganes; who love to listen to Negroes and Cossacks; who swoon at the noises of the Hawaiiin guitar, the Argentine saw and even the Wurlitzer organ ... In other words they ~~are~~^{are} the sort of people who really don't like music.' Robert Conquest who was the most consistent rejected poet of the 40's from the pages of PL is the writer in his introduction to the two NEW LINES 'movement' anthologies and it is significant that his ~~whole~~^{own} first selection of poems was not published until by Morris Temple Smith who was just then launching into publishing. It is inconceivable that I could have published his poems in ~~the 40's~~^{also} and this applies to Philip Larkin who was the ne^o-Georgian 'star' of the movement *in a later stage* :

The moon is full tonight
And hurts the eyes,
It is so definite and bright.
What if it has drawn up
All quietness and certitude of worth
Wherewith to fill its cup,
Or mint a second moon, a paradises?
For they are gone from earth.

I quote from Eight Oxford Poets published in 1945 by the Vanity Publisher L. Caton of the Fortune Press. I had supplied him with many new collections of poems to publish including 18 poems by Dylan Thomas my own copy, never returned, Out of This War which I had written during a weekend at Audrey Beechams cottage near Oxford, quite reluctantly, but the ~~man~~^{insistent} was standing on my doorstep and Drummond Allison who appears in this anthology, until I discovered the nature of his publishing house from Griselda Gould (rs. Louis K Kentner) who had submitted her poems on my recommendation. Of the 25 poets in this anthology many were my friends and the poets with a more assured style like John Heath-Stubbs and David Wright had already appeared in PL. Allison engulfed in the War wanted immediate book publication which I was not able to afford in 1940, and thus Caton. I state this to put it on record that in the 16 numbers of PL under my editorship (and the backbone of 3 further numbers was material I had left on my desk when I left for Sri Lanka, with my partner's consent, to raise money already promised by my two uncles Sir Garainer Chittempalam and S. Ratnanagher in discussion with John Roberts, Managing Director of Nicholson-Watson -- with John, also the acquisition of my former parent company -- to buy him off our parr

sort of people who bowels yearn at the disgusting caterwauling of
Tziganes; who love to listen to Negroes and Cossacks; who swoon at
the noises of the Hawaiian guitar, the Argentine saw and even the
Wurlitzer organ ... In other words they ~~are~~ ^{are} the sort of people who
really don't like music.' Robert Conquest who was the most consistent
rejected poet of the 40's from the pages of PL is the writer in his
introduction to the two NEW LINES 'movement' anthologies and it is
significant that his ~~whole~~ ^{first} selection of poems was not published
until _____ by Morris Temple Smith who was just then launching into
publishing. It is inconceivable that I could have published his
poems in the 40's and this ^{also} applies to Philip Larkin who was the new
Georgian 'spirit' of the movement in a later ...

The moon is full tonight

And hurts the eyes,

It is so definite and bright.

[What if it has drawn up

All quietness and certitude of worth

Wherewith to fill its cup,

Or mint a second moon, a paradise?

For they are gone from earth.

I quote from Eight Oxford Poets published in 1945 by the Vanity
Publisher L. Caton of the Fortune Press. [I had supplied him with
many new collections of poems to publish including 18 poems by
Dylan Thomas, my own copy, never returned, Out of This War
which I had written during a weekend at Audrey Beechams cottage near
Oxford, quite reluctantly, but the ~~insistent~~ man was standing on my doorstep
and Drummond Allison who appears in this anthology, until I discovered
the nature of his publishing house from Griselda Gould (rs. Louis K
Kentner) who had submitted her poems on my recommendation.] Of the
25 poets in this anthology many were my friends and the poets with a
more assured style like John Heath-Stubbs and David Wright had already
appeared in PL. Allison engulfed in the War wanted immediate book
publication which I was not able to afford in 1940, and thus Caton.
I state this to put it on record that in the 16 numbers of PL under
my editorship (and the backbone of 3 further numbers was material I
had left on my desk when I left for Sri Lanka, with my partner's
consent, to raise money already promised by my two uncles Sir
Garainer Chittempalam and S, Ratnanagher in discussion with John
Roberts, Managing Director of Nicholson-Watson -- with John, also the
acquisition of my former parent company -- to buy him off our partnership
of one year and some months since he had a family to support
and could no longer afford to lose money: I sold him my 49% of the
shares for £25) it had published nearly all those poets still alive
who were of contemporary interest despite their political and literary

Deletion with a comma and the roots of the movement

DELETION WITH A COMMA AND THE ROOTS OF THE MOVEMENT

When I set about collecting material for the first issue of the revival PL, about two and a half years ago, my old friend Robin Waterfield who had now set himself up as the bookseller, Robin Waterfield LTD, of Oxford, presented me with an enormous tome Contemporary Poets (1849 pp; St. James Press, London, & St Martin's Press, New York, 1975, £15) which was a reference guide "to the most important living poets in the English language, selected by a group of distinguished critics, editors and writers of modern poetry

I was delighted with the wealth of information in it, with biographies of poets, ~~maxx~~ complete bibliographies, ^{and} critical essays on the poets by 200 British, American and Commonwealth critics, some then first publishing by PL or ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{very much in touch with PL} The poets' own exposé of their methods of work, and points of view were the greatest interest, and they were followed by a critical ~~xxxxxx~~ of the poets' work and, what I needed most, their addresses, since my two large address books were lost by a friend while transporting them in a briefcase from Mount Vernon to New York. But to my pleasure ~~in~~ in owning this tome soon turned to bewilderment and disgust. Editions Poetry London ~~had~~ had been nullified by intomission of a COMMA and attributed to a mythical ~~xxxxxx~~ Editions Poetry, i.e. Editions Poetry, London. The ~~entires~~ ^{entires} had been written by my own authors and those whose works had been printed in PL/ which made me wonder whether the ^{it} actually mythical 'movement' of yester year had anything to do wiith/and chagrin at ~~xxxxxx~~ the success of my advice tp decpnstræct the ~~xxxxxx~~ metropolitan Establishment of the times into ~~xx~~ rich and healthy cantonments like Poetry Scotland and Poetry Ireland. ~~xxxxxx~~